



1978

GENE AUTRY

COMICS



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in
"WHEN HANDS MEET"

A LETTER,
WORTHEN
A MONTH AND,
FINALLY
CATCHES UP
WITH GENE...

IT'S FROM MY OLD BOSS,
SAM VOORER OF THE CROSSB!
HMM... SAYS... THE
COWBOY COULD USE SOME
GOOD EXTRA HANDS! SEEMS
LIKE GOOD COMPANIE
SOME, RATHER
THAN DAYS THAN
WHEN YOU WERE
RODMAN OF
THE CROSSB...

ANY
ONE'S
WORTH

... MY DAUGHTER, BERTIE BARK, WHO WAS
A PRETTY-FACED RED OF TEN WHEN
YOU LAST SAW HER, WENT EAST TO
SCHOOL. RIGHT AFTER HER MA DIED!
SO HE ALONE IN THE BUS HOUSE! DIED
IN A CH, WHEN HOUSE, RIDING BY!
AND COME UNDER, AN ALLEG!
YOUR OLD BOSS, SAM VOORER!

"HANDS ACROSS RIVER... COME UNDER
AN ALIAS!" THAT'S OLD SAYS WAY OF
OF SAYING HER IN OLD TROUBLE. AM
HOOER I CAN HELP! BUT IT HAS A
MONTH AND HE TALKED THE LETTER!



WE MIGHT BE TOO LATE CHASE,
BUT WE'RE HEADING FOR TEN
BLED TOWN AT THE OLD
CROSSB... RIGHT NOW!



THREE DAYS LATER...

NEEDS MORE CHASE, AM I
DECIDED WE'D BETTER BE
ON THE ROAD-BLUE... BOTH
OF US! BUT YOU
FIRST, AM I
GOOD BUS DOWN!











I'VE LOST MY FRECKLES, BUT IN THE SAME BOSS WOODS THAT YOU USED TO TOPE AROUND THE CROSS'S RANCH WARD ON YOUR SHOULDER TEN YEARS AGO, GENE AFTON!



YOU FIGURED ME OUT QUICKER 'N I COULDO' WEE ROSE! BUT THEN, I HADN'T CHANGED SO MUCH... AN' THE WAY OF YOU AS BOW BACK EAST IN SCHOOL KIDNA TAKEN ME OFF THE TRACK!



I GOT THE MONTH-OLD LETTER FROM YOUR DAD THERE'S DAYS AGO AND CAME HERE AS FAST AS I COULD... WERE YOU GOT ANY CLUE AS TO WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

NOTHING DEFINITE! THAT'S WHY I'M WORKING AT THE RESTAURANT AS BOSS HARDY!



DAD NEVER WROTE ABOUT NO TROUBLES... MY FIRST WARNING CAME AS A MAIL FROM JOHNNY NELSON, A NEIGHBOR OF NEVER MET... THE TELEGRAM SAID: "YOUR FATHER MISSING... DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO COME HOME NOW... WAIT FOR LETTER"... BUT I COULDN'T WAIT! I'D HAD TO GO TO JOHNNY NELSON, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IN SAN JOSE'S DAUGHTER! NOBODY DOES BUT YOU, GENE!



LOOK THERE! DEAD CATTLE!

THAT'S ONE THING I WANTED TO SHOW YOU!



FILLED WITH DOZENS DEAD LICK! AN' ALL OF 'EM WEARY A FIGHTIN' BRAND! WHO RUNS THAT LICK, ROSE?

JOHNNY NELSON! DOES THAT HELD ANYTHING TO YOU?







WELL, I'VE BEEN THINKIN'...
IF DAD WERE DEAD,
WOULDN'T DUTMAN BE
GLAD TO HAVE IT KNOWN
SO THAT HE COULD
KISS A DODGER
WITH ME FOR
THE CROSSB?!

OH GLAD-NOLSON
KNOWS YOU AS ROSE
YODER, IN TEN SECONDS
THOUGH! IF THE
DARTY WAGS LITTLE
CROOKS ON, COULD
RUB OUT YOU AND
YOUR DAD, BOTH,
HE COULD SNAKE
IT EASIER...



ROSE!



FIVE MEN... MASKED WITH THEIR
NECK HANDKERCHIEFS... AN'
USIN' RIFLES! OUR ONLY HOPE
IS TO RUN FOR TOWN...
THEY'RE OUT OF PISTOL RANGE,
BUT HAHES I CAN SLOW 'EM UP...



BASS OFF, MEN! WE
CAN SPILL 'EM
WITHOUT GETTIN' TOO
CLOSE!

NAH... AN'
MAYBE NOT! I'LL BE CHICK
IN A HURRY!



WE'VE LOST HIM FOR NOW!
HE DUCKED INTO AN ALBOND
THAT LEADS CLOSE TO TOWN...
BUT IT'S YOURS OR AN'
YOUR WOODY, DUTMAN!







AN TELL YOU MAMMA,
WE BAKE OUT OUR
WINGS FULL NOW...
TO TAKE CARE OF ALL
DER CROSS-ED STEERS
OF OUR OWN STOCK
BESIDES YET!

YOU HEAR MOORE'S
HARDE HART CUT,
WETTER? I WAS
KINDA EXPECTIN'
THAT!



COME HERE, GENE SELBY!
I WANT YOU TO MEET MY
BEST FRIENDS IN TOWN
OLDIE! JOHNNY NELSON
OF THE BERRY-SIX RANCH
AND HIS FOREMAN, WATNEY
LADSON!



YOU JUST HIT
TOWN, SELBY?

THIS AFTERNOON,
NELSON JUST BOON'
THROUGHT!



BY WATNEY MAMMA!
HARDE HE GOT A NEW
HANDSOMER! AN EARL
LIKE HE LOOKS! SET
DOWN, WEND SELBY!
AN BUY YOU A STEAK
WIT TENDERS!

YOU'RE TOO LATE,
WATNEY! GENE'S STEAKS
ARE ON THE HOUSE!
HE THEN TEL
RUTHAN OUT ON
HIS EAR TODAY
FOR GETTING
FRESH WITH
HIS
WIFE!



WELL, I'D BEEN
HERE TO SEE
IT!

WATNEY! THERE'S CHEERS
FOR YOU, SELBY! MAKE
IT TWO STEAKS IN ONE
PAN! NEW TOWN MAKE ME
BROKE ONE, THEN
DIED MOORE'S
NAME!



GENE! WATCH OUT!
HERE, COME OUTSIDE
AND HIS
GANG!

DON'T ANYBODY MAKE A WRONG
MOVE! ON AGOSTINI! THE
GENT WITH THE WHITE
HAT FOR ASSAULT AND
BATTERY!



YOU KNOW
THIS GENT
WITH THE
ARTILLERY
WHITEHAT!

THAT HE BARE HIM
WHEELER, A GUN
WHEELIN' YACOB
VIT A DEBBYING
SADGE! HE THINK
HIS BOSS, OUTMAN,
BAY, DAD STAB FOR
HIM!



SHUT UP, LARSON, OR I'LL
PULL YOU PUTOUT
FROM TOWN, PUT UP
YOUR HANDS, NISTER!

DEBBY IS THE NAME!
WHEELER'S YOUR
WARRANT, WHEELER!



MY WARRANTS IN MY HAND!
REACH HIGH AND STEP AROUND
OR I'LL MARTA DRILL YOU...



WHEELER!



DEBBY! AGOSTINI!
THAT'S GONNA TO COOK
YOUR GOOSE! ALL THE
BROTHERS, DEBBY!
EVERY MAN WITHIN
IS A DEBBY, SO
GUN PLAY WON'T
HELP YOU!

THERE AINT
GONNA NO GO
GUN PLAY IN THE
RESTAURANT...
NOT UNLESS MY
NERVES GOT TOO
JUNCY AND SET OFF
THESE HERE
HAND TRIGGERS!



HE SAYS IT, ABOUT
THOSE HOT THINGS!
THE DOORNEE FOOL!
GET OUTA HERE! OUTA
MY WAY!

YEH THATS RIGHT! AND
NOOD HAS SPELLS OF
SOUP LOOD, THEY CANT
LEAVE GET OUTA HERE!

OH, I HOPE THATS THE
LAST OF THEM... TONIGHT!

SO DO! THIS SHOTUM IS AS SHOTY
AS A T'NORAL! IM SO SCARED I
WOULD SHOOT SOMEBODY THAT I
NEVER BOUGHT NO BULLE FOR IT!

EEYOW! THERE
SOME SELLERS
STRAK!

IM JUST THINKING SOME
MORE! THEM WAS THE LAST
TWO STRAK IN THE HOUSE!
NOW TELL SOME NAME!

NOT NOOD! THANKS ALL
THE SAME! THE SHOTUM
BROUGHT THOUGH THOUGH
YEH, I READY!

ILL GET MY LODGE
BEDDOWN AN
HIRE RIL A ROOM AT
THE HOTEL... GLAD
TO HAVE MET YOU
GENTS!

BUT I MIGHT! NOW
WOULD YOU LIKE A JOB
AT THE FOOTVAX!
ILL GIVE YOU
DOUBLED WAGES!



HERE'S AN EXTRA
BLANKET, JENNY.
NIGHTS ARE COOL
THIS SEASON!

THANKS, JOHNNY!
WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF WHITEY'S NOTION...
THAT SAM VOORE
DISAPPEARED IN
ORDER TO SPY ON
DUTNAM?



IT COULD BE, JENNY! BUT I DOUBT IT!
I THINK DUTNAM HAD SAM VOORE
PURCHASER BECAUSE SAM
LEARNED ABOUT THE OIL ON
HIS LAND, HAD HE... SAM COULD
SELL TO HONEST OIL-
MEN FOR A PRICE
THAT DUTNAM
COULDN'T OFFER!



NEXT MORNING, JOHNNY NELSON INTRODUCES
HIS COMMANDS...

BEATS, GIVE AN OIL... I WANT
YOU TO TAKE YOUR BUREAU AND
WATCH THE WATER HOUSE AND
SALT LICK ON POSTY-SIX LAND!
DUTNAM MAY TRY TO CORRUPT HIM!



WHITEY, YOU TAKE JENNY JELLY OVER
TO THE CROSS - A BLUNDER AND MAKE
SURE VOORE'S STAFFS ARENT
DRAFTING TOO NEAR SALTICK CANYON!
DUTNAM'S GANG MIGHT TAKE AN IDEA
TO STAMPEDE 'EM OVER THE
DEED-ONE!



Well pay
right,
Johnny!

IT'S SURE NEARBY!
OF YOU, JOHNNY, TO TAKE
CARE OF VOORE'S SPREAD-
SEEN THAT HIS DOGGERLY
DEAD IN YOU DON'T KNOW
HIS DAUGHTER FROM EVE!

JENNY, TO
HATE HIMSELF
IF I DON'T
DO IT!



I AM TO HEAD FOR TOWN THIS
MORNING! AM SEND HER A
TELEGRAM! MAKE SURE SHE CAN
DIG UP AN EASTERN RUPPER
FOR HER FATHER'S LAND AND
GET WHAT IT'S WORTH!



YOUNKY NELSON BARE HIM
DOODY MEN TO RIDE HERE
VIT! DEW WOON'T DON'T
MAKE 'EM ARRY DUTTER,
OH YOUNKY!

I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT, WHITEY!

I'LL BET A COOKY HES JAW
PROSPECTIN' FOR OIL ON HIS OWN
LAND TODAY! IF DEL DUTNAM
AIME TO GRAB AW' MORE LAND,
WE'LL HARTA
ACT FAST!



BY VING? DAS SHORE LOOK
LAW A BEANDING BARE, WHITEY!

HOLD ON,
WHITEY!

HELD ON!
VIT! IT
MUSTERS
BARE ...

WANTS TO SHOT 'EM FROM
BEHIND! YOU WITH A
BULLET IF YOU BULL FID
THEIR PARTY! WE'LL ROE
AROUND THAT MOTT OF
WILLOWS TECH CORN-STE
SIDE ... IF THEY'RE BRAND
SLITTED WE'LL
SEE THEM
FEET!

WHITEY'S A TOPHAWD ... BUT
THE SPOUR-HEAD WONT
BOT THE CAUTION OF A BARE
BULL ON THE DOOD!

BY WITCH YOU DAD-WANDER!
BY WINDIN' THUNDER! COO!
VIT ONE HAND! COO VIT 'EM!

WHA! DEN HONDER HONDER SO
DURCH. AN TAKK AN MEE 'EM
CLEAN!



WASSE HART TAM
AN BETTER SKEAK
UP SOME AN
SURPRISE 'EM, HON!

IT SURE TAKES A LONG
TIME FOR A HON TO
GET THROUGH YOUR
HEAD, WATTEY! DID
YOU KNOW EITHER OF
THOSE BOWS?



W! AN SEEN 'EM BEFORE
WT DEL BUTHAM! NOW
VE TAKE A LOOK AT
THEIR WORK!



BLUNT! MADE DUTY WORK!
THEY HONN CH'NGO! AN
OLD BROKEN ARROW
BRAND IN'D A PORTY-AN!
THAT'S JOHNNY'S!

WU! AND THE
BROKEN
ARROW BOWS
PUTTING!
BY YONG! AN
WOULNT LAY
FOR JOHNNY
TO WATCH
HERE! VE
WORK LAY
PUTTING
SURE TIGHT!



REACH FOR A CLOED, YOU
BRAND-CH'NGO! GALLOOTS!
YOU'RE CAUGHT AN
CORRED!

WU! LAY!



AN TAKK VE
WUD HONN
TRAP, HERE!

WITH BOTH COST, WATTEY!
JUST THE WAY DEL
BUTHAM PLANNED
IT!



THAT AFTERNOON, WHEELER ACCOMPANIED BY FURNER,
BUNDLES WAS CAPTURED INTO THE TOWN OF TEN
SLEEP R...

WELL, BUNDLES, THE LADS CAUGHT TWO OF
YOUR DON-STEALIN' BOY FRIENDS... WE'LL
HAVE THE OTHERS IN JAIL, PRETTY SOON! HAW!



YEN SLEEP IS GOIN' TO THE DEEP END
CASE, WHEN THEY BRINGS A MAN
LIKE WHITEY LARSON PER BUSTIN'!
I GOT A MIND TO SELL MY UNSEEN
STABLE ANY CLEAR OUT!

MONA, WILL YOU
DO ME A FAVOR!



WHY SUGGEST MISS MONA!
ANYTHING I CAN DO
IS IT!

LEND ME A GUN...
AND SAY NOTHING
TO ANYBODY!



IT CAN BE DICK,
YEN! YOU TALK
BEY BRING US
SOME MORE OF
RESTAURANTS!

DEARLY, WHEN THEY GET
AROUND TO IT, I'M WORRIED
ABOUT TAKING REVENUE
DOWN. LIKE THEY DO US!



SOMEBODY SAYS COME NOW! ITS DAD
SAGIN' FURNER AN' THE FAY DEEDY!
AN' AN' ROSE!
WE SOME
BELL!



ITS A SHAME!
YOU CAN'T FEED
POORNESS ON
JUST SOUP!

THEY WON'T BE DOWN
ANY HARD WORK TELL
THEY STRETCH ROPE!
HAW! HAW!



HERE'S YOUR BRAND-SLOTTIN' MESSAGES,
BOSS. WAITIN' FOR THEM. SURESE
LIVE TWO DOWNLOADS IN A CASE!
TWO BAD WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU TO
VIB WITH 'EM ALONE, BUT THERE'S
DANGEROUS CHARACTERISTICS HERE NEED!

THAT'S
WAY THEY
GET ONLY
SOME!

THE ROAD IS FOR YOU,
YOU, CONOTE!



AND WE GOT SIX BULLETS
FOR YOUR DANGER, WHISKEY,
IF YOU DON'T PLAY DEFTY
GUNS! WHITNEY! TAKE THEIR
GUNS!

BY WHISKEY! AVOIDING
MAY HAVE RUN RIGHT
NOW DEN. EASTERN
HUNG ON A TIGHT!

I'LL HAVE GUN
BROWNS! YOU
ALIVE SOME
DAY, CONQUEROR!



OPEN WIDE, MISTER RUMBLE!
THE GAG NORTHEAST. JUST
KICK YOUR TONGUE FROM
BETWEEN TOO LOUD!

ALL RIGHT, WHITNEY!
WE'LL LOOK 'EM IN
AN' GO!

WHAT THE LETTER?
IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME!







THE HOURS LATER THEY REACH THE BUTTES.

JOHN! DID YOU SEE THAT OLD LADY CAMP WAS DESERTED? I SEE A LIGHT OVER YONDER!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JOHN! THERE'S A LIGHT!... ABOUT WHERE THE CAMP SHOULD BE!

WED BETTER RIDE SURE AN' LEAVE ROSE HERE WITH THE HORSES!

IT MIGHT BE THAT OUTLAW'S CAMP MADE A HIDE-OUT OF THE BLADE! DEL HAS GOT A LOT OF BROOKED MEN IN THE AREA!

QUET NOW! WE'LL SO HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

BY WHOD'HEE YOU MAKE OF DAT?

GAM VEGER ... ALIVE!

WAT HERE, BOW! ON GUARD! FOR SAYS SAYS THE MAN NOT TO BE HEADED WITHOUT GUARD, AN!

ARTER... GIVE ME JUST A DROP OF WATER... AM DYIN'.

SURE, VEGER! ALL THE WATER YOU WANT... ARTER YOU SIGN YOUR MARSH OVER TO OUTLAW... THERE'S TW'ELVE MEN...

NO! I'LL SIGN NOTHING!... YOU MD OF THE DEVIL! FL...



BUTNAM AND HIS MEN CHASED AT THE CASH.

YOU MEN WAIT OUTSIDE
TILL I FINISH WITH MOORE!
I CAN'T WASTE ANYMORE
TIME ON THAT OLD JOKE!

WELL, YOU MEN
THAT OBEY TO
YOUR RANCH
YET, MOORE!

THERE SHE LAYS,
YOU SQUAB! TAKE
A LOOK AT IT ...

... AND THEN TAKE A SWELL OF
THIS! YOUR LITTLE CHOR-GRADY
GAME IS BUSTED UP!
COMPLETE, BUTNAM!
UNITED STATES MARSHAL
BENNY ARNEY IS OUTSIDE
NOW, TAKE CARE OF
YOUR MEN!

YOU CAN'T ARREST
ME WITHOUT A
WARRANT, ARNEY!
YOU'VE GOT NO
BLOOD!

I'VE GOT A LETTER
YOU STOLE FROM
THE U. S. MAIL.
BUTNAM, AN
OTHER EVIDENCE
ENOUGH TO OBTAIN
YOU ANYMORE A
LONG SMOOTHER!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THE PRISONERS ARE
ALL SAFE IN JAIL, MASTER
MOORE... AND WH... THE
ASHED ROSE TO MARRY
ME, WITH YOUR
PERMISSION...

GLAD TO HEAR
IT, WELLBORN!
SINCE YOU
FOUND ME
ON YOUR LAND,
TOO, IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'LL
KEEP IT
IN THE FAMILY!

YIMMY WIMMY HINE!
AIN'T YOU GONE STAY
FOR DAS WEDDIN' YET?

CAN'T DO IT,
WHY? GOTTA
TAKE THE
PRISONERS IN
TO THE BIG CITY!
S'LONG!